

No. 2

AUG.-SEPT.

The KILROYS

10¢

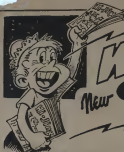
America's Funniest Family!

**KILROY WAS
HERE!**





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



WUXTRY!

COMICS MAGAZINE

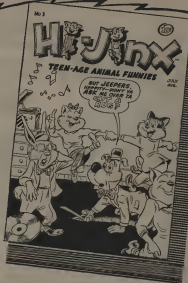
New SMASH HIT!

IT'S **Hi-Jinx**

...THE GREATEST FUNNY BOOK
THAT EVER HIT THE STANDS!
AND FEATURING A BRAND-NEW
IDEA IN COMICS THAT'LL
SPLIT YOUR SIDES!
FOR THE FIRST TIME...
TEEN-AGE ANIMAL FUNNIES!
THEY'RE RIOTOUS...DELIGHTFULLY
DIFFERENT! THINK ONLY HUMANS
CAN CUT A RUG? THEN MEET
SOME REAL HEPCATS... A
MERRY MENAGERIE OF JOYOUS
JITTERBUGS IN SENSATIONAL,
SMILE-A-SECOND STORIES
GEARED FOR GIGGLES AND
GASPS!

DON'T SAY WE DIDN'T WARN
YOU! Remember...you'll
bust your stitches if
you read

Hi-Jinx
TEEN-AGE ANIMAL FUNNIES



**10¢ ON ALL
STANDS**

The KILROYS

LATCH ON TO
THESE
LAUGH-LEADERS!

SOME PUNKINS



HUH?
WHAT
CHANGED POPS
CAR INTO
A PUMPKIN?

THE ANSWER'S A
GALE OF GIGGLES...
**STRICTLY
FROM KILROY!**

BROWN EYES, WIRE YOU BLUE?



EXTRA!
NATCH SIGNS ON
AS WESTERN
UNION BOY! AND A SING-
ING TELEGRAM WINOS UP
AS A MAD MESSAGE
OF MERRY
MIRTH!

WOO-WOO WOLVES



JUDY IS JEALOUS,
AND NATCH...
HE'S MAD! SEE HIM
TURN WOLF IN
A YUK-YUK YARN
THAT'LL BUST
YOUR
STITCHES!

BEANS, BEANS, BEANS!



OH, THOSE KILROYS!
THEY'RE IN A BEAN-COUNTING CON-
TEST NOW...WITH A CHUCKLE FOR
EVERY BEAN!

ALSO...

MONEY...
THE HARD WAY!
...
WARRIORS BOWLED
...
KOLLEGE KAPERS
...
ICKY IKE
...

...ALL IN
THE FUNNIEST
MAGAZINE
YOU'VE EVER
READ!



Kollege Kapers

A HARTLEY

GOODNIGHT... THANKS FOR THE HUG!

OH, THE PRESSURE WUZ ALL MINE!

WHAT KINDA GUY IS YOUR ROOMMATE?

WELL, LAST NIGHT HE BARKED HIS SHINS ON THE CHAIR AND GAVE ON THE EXERCISE OF UNANIMATE OBJECTS!

75 CENTS FOR YOUR CAR!

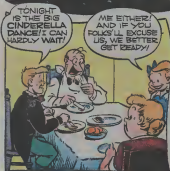
SOLD!

THE NEW OFFICE BOY ISN'T MUCH GOOD! HE SPENT MOST OF THE MORNING TRYING TO GET 'ESTABLISHED 1891' ON THE PHONE!



The KILROYS

in
"SOME PUN'KINS"



WHAT SHOE, KATIE?
WHAT HAS JIMMY
TO DO WITH YOUR
SHOES?



WELL, YA SEE, FOR THAT'S WHY
THEY CALL IT A CINDERELLA DANCE!
EACH GIRL GOES TO THE DANCE WITH
JUST ONE SHOE ON--AND HER
BOY FRIEND CAN
ONLY BE ADMITTED BY
SHOWING HIS GIRL'S
OTHER SHOE!



REET! EACH GIRL IS SEATED
AROUND THE DANCE FLOOR---
AND WHEN HER "PRINCE CHARMING"
COMES IN AND PLACES TH' MISSING
SHOE ON HER FOOT,
THEY START DANCING!



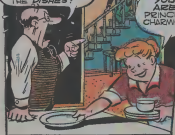
HUMPH!
SILLIEST
GOIN'S ON I
EVER HEARD
OF!



OH,
I THINK
IT'S
DARLING!

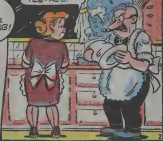
WAIT A
MINUTE!

AND WHO IS GOING
TO HELP MOM WITH
THE DISHES?



YOU
ARE
PRINCE
CHARMING!

NOW YOU LOOK
LIKE THE FAIRY
GODMOTHER!
TEE-HEE!



I FAIL
TO SEE THE
HUMOR
IN THAT
REMARK!

G'NIGHT, MOM AN' POP! I'M GOIN' WITH PEGGY AND HER FOLKS--JIMMY WILL BRING ME BACK!

HURRY UP AND FIND THAT PRINCE CHARMING AND GET THAT OTHER SHOE ON!

NIGHT, KATIE!



OH SAY, DAD-- COULD I USE YER CAR TONIGHT? JACKSON AN' I HAFTA BRING JUDY AN' ALICE HOME AFTER THE DANCE-- AND I KINDA HATE TO TAKE MY JALOPY! YOU KNOW, NO TOP AND IT'S COLD AN' STUFF LIKE THAT!

WELL...



YOU CAN TAKE IT ON ONE CONDITION, NATCH-- THAT YOU GET IT BACK BY MIDNIGHT!



OKAY, POP-- THANKS! NIGHT, FOLKS!

REMEMBER, PRINCE CHARMING-- IF YOU DON'T GET THAT CAR BACK BY MIDNIGHT, IT'LL TURN INTO A PUMPKIN!



COMIN', PRINCE KILROY.. COMIN'!

YA GOT YER GAL'S SHOE?



SHE'S SURE GOT BIG FEET, AIN'T SHE? BUT DON'T TELL ER I SAID SO!--I SEE YA TALKED YER POP OUT OF HIS CAR!

YEH! BUT I HAFTA GET IT BACK BY MIDNIGHT, OR IT WILL TURN INTO A PUMPKIN! HA-HA!





HERE THEY COME NOW!



EVENING, BOYS!

WE COMETH SEEKING THE FAIR PRINCESS WHICH FITTETH THESE GOLDEN SUPPERS, PAPPY!

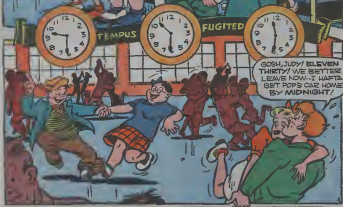
WELCOME, PRINCE KILBOY!

WELL! PRINCE JACKSON!

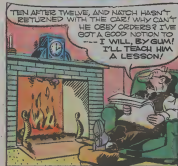


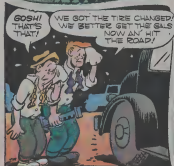
HULLO, JUDY! PRINCESS JUDY, I MEAN!

DON'T CALL ME THAT! I FEEL LIKE A SQUEEZE!



GOSH, JUDY! ELEVEN THIRTY! WE BETTER LEAVE NOW-I HADTA GET POP'S CAR HOME BY MIDNIGHT!







THIS WILL TEACH
NATCH TO BRING
MY CAR HOME ON
TIME!



I'D LIKE TO
SEE HIS FACE
WHEN HE SEES
THAT PUMPKIN!
HO-HO!



OH MY GOSH!
IT DID IT!

WHAT
DID
WHAT?



MY POP'S CAR! IT TURNED
INTO A PUMPKIN! HE WARNED
ME! HE SAID IF I DIDN'T GET
IT HOME BY MIDNIGHT, IT WOULD
TURN INTO A PUMPKIN -- AND
IT DID! GOSH! A
PUMPKIN! THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE! IT
COULDN'T
HAPPEN!!

YEH! BUT
IT DID!



GUESS WE'LL
HAF TA START
WALKIN' HOME!

YA GONNA
LEAVE YOUR
POPS--ER--CAR
HERE?



HEY! I LEFT
MY COAT IN THE
CAR -- DO YA
SUPPOSE IT'S
INSIDE THAT
PUMPKIN?

GOSH SAKES!
IF WE WOULDN'T
A' HAD THAT FLAT
TIRE, THIS
WOULDN'TA
HAPPENED!

O.K., KID -- WHERE DID YA GET THAT PUMPKIN? A FARMER DOWN THE ROAD REPORTED SOMEONE LIFTED ONE JUST A FEW MINUTES AGO!

THAT'S NO PUMPKIN! THAT'S HIS POP'S AUTOMOBILE! IT TURNED INTO A PUMPKIN AT MIDNIGHT!



GET IN! WE'LL GO TO THE STATION HOUSE AND CALL YOUR PARENTS!

YEH, BUT I DIDN'T STEAL THIS PUMPKIN! IT'S MY POP'S CAR. HONEST!



--AND WE HAVE YOUR BOY DOWN HERE AT HEADQUARTERS FOR STEALING A PUMPKIN!

NO! NO! IT'S A MISTAKE! I SWAPED THE PUMPKIN! I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN AND EXPLAIN!



--AND OF COURSE, NOT KNOWING MY SON HAD TROUBLE WITH THE FLAT TIRE, I FIGURED I'D TEACH HIM A LESSON FOR NOT BRINGING THE CAR HOME ON TIME! SO WHEN I SAW THE PUMPKIN, I DECIDED TO LEAVE IT IN PLACE OF THE CAR, JUST AS A JOKE, CAPTAIN!

WELL, THAT LITTLE JOKE WILL COST YOU TEN DOLLARS!



--AND DON'T GO AROUND CHANGIN' ANYMORE AUTOMOBILES INTO PUMPKINS, SEE?

YES SIR, YES SIR!



HEY! WAIT A MINUTE! DON'T YOU WANT YOUR PUMPKIN, FAIRY GODMOTHER?



Natch

**BROWN EYES,
WIRE
YOU BLUE?**

HALL OF FAME

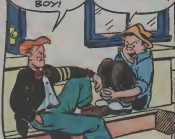
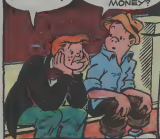


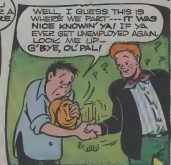
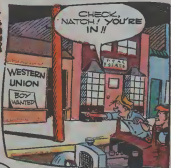
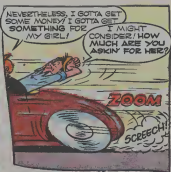
YOU GOT
ANY MONEY,
JACKSON?

YOU KIN ASK
THE STUPIDEST
QUESTIONS!
WHAT WOULD I BE
DOIN' WITH
MONEY?

AW, COME
ON! LOAN ME
TWO DOLLARS FOR
A MONTH, OLD
BOY!

WHAT DOES
A MONTH-OLD
BOY WANT TWO
DOLLARS FOR?

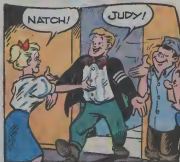
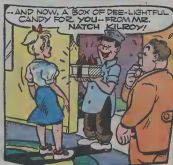
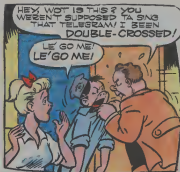


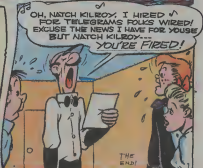
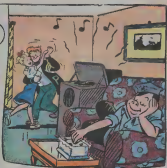












NATCH vs. THE LAW

THE sun was bright, the air felt good and so did Natch Kilroy, as he trotted into the park, clad snily in shorts and a T-shirt "My last chance to practice before the race this afternoon" he said, adjusting his sneakers "Guess I'll limber up by trottin' around the oval a couple times!"

With a spring in his heels and a lift in his soles, Natch started out around the wide park oval. "What a day!" he said, inhaling deeply. "What a—"

"What a nerve!" a voice close to Natch cut in. "Kilroy, ain'tcha ashamed ta be out in public in yer underwear?"

Startled, Natch found himself staring into a deep frown on the face of the toughest motorcycle cop in town—and Judy's pop, yee!

"This isn't my underwear—" he started to explain, but the law wouldn't wait for excuses or explanations.

"You're comin' with me, young fella-melad," said the determined policeman. "I'll put ya behind bars 'til yer folks come around with some decent clothes!"

"But—but—" all Natch's "butting" wouldn't work. In less than ten minutes, he found himself the lone occupant of a very small cell

with very thick bars. "An' here ya stay, sonny!" Judy's father said coldly, turning the key.

In vain, Natch had tried to explain all about the race and the honor of the school, the town and the fair name of Kilroy. Judy's father had no time for such nonsense, as he paused to make his report to the Police Captain at the desk.

"I just ran in a kid—" he started to say, when the Captain interrupted him.

"Don't talk business to me," he said impatiently, "I got other stuff on my mind! I got ten bucks riding on the school race this afternoon, an' I'm gonna be awful sour if that Kilroy kid don't come through. Awful sour!"

"You—don't—say!" A horrible realization came to Judy's pop. "Er, excuse me, Cap!"

Quickly, he fled back to the little cell where Natch suffered untold agonies. "Wat're ya sittin' there for?" the cop demanded of the astounded Natch. "Don'tcha know there's a race today?"

Natch could scarcely believe what was happening to him. He, Natch Kilroy, was carefully propped on the back of a police department motorcycle, and personally escorted to the race!

"We made it!" the anxious cop sighed, relieved. "Now, get in there an' win—if not for yourself, if not for the school—then for my Captain, who's gonna be awful sour if ya lose!"

Natch sprinted for the starting line, and never stopped sprinting until the race was won—and he—the pride of the Kilroys, the winner!

Judy's father gave him a triumphant rude home. "You're a good kid, Natch," he said, patting him on the shoulder. "An' if yer ever tempted to tell how a certain cop run ya in on a certain charge—don't!"

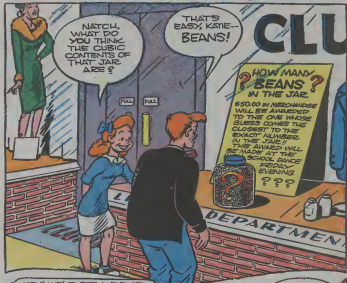
"I won't," Natch said, "I really won't tell—hey, what's this?"

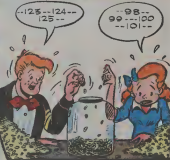
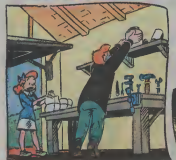
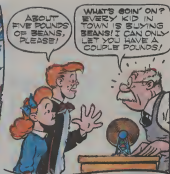
"The price of yer silence," said the tough cop, slipping Natch a crisp, new five-dollar bill.



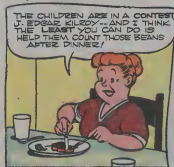
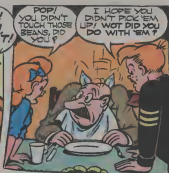
The KILROYS

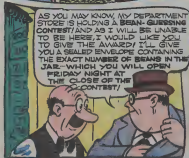
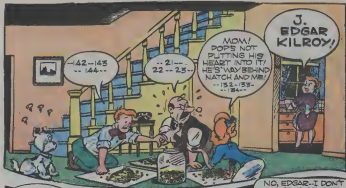
"BEANS, BEANS, BEANS!"











OKAY, KIDS -- YOU CAN STOP COUNTING BEANS! MR. CLUMP HAS JUST APPOINTED ME CHIEF JUDGE OF THE BEAN-GUESSING CONTEST -- AND, AS SUCH, NONE OF MY FAMILY CAN ENTER! I TOLD YOU I WAS A BIG MAN!

WHY DID YOU ACCEPT IT? YOU KNEW THE CHILDREN WERE IN THE CONTEST!

BECAUSE IT WAS A WAY TO GET OUT OF COUNTING BEANS!

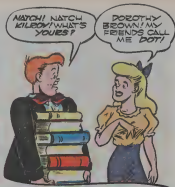
OH, GEE WHIZ!

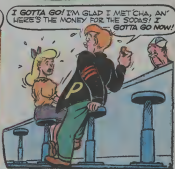
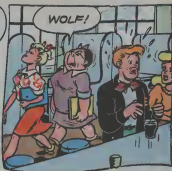
PER CORN'S SAKE!

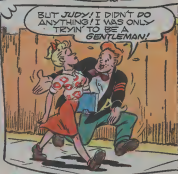
FINALLY THE BIG CONTEST!

NOW THAT ALL THE NAMES AND GUESSES HAVE BEEN RECORDED ON THE BOARD, I WILL OPEN THE OFFICIAL SEALED ENVELOPE CONTAINING THE EXACT NUMBER OF BEANS IN THE JAR!

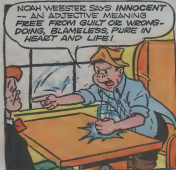
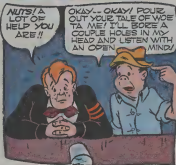












GEE! MAYBE I WAS
WRONG ABOUT NATCH!
MAYBE I BETTER JUST
WALK BY AND SAY HELLO!
MAYBE WE CAN
MAKE UP!

OKAY, NATCH--
HERE COMES A NEW
GIRL IN SCHOOL! GO
RIGHT UP AND MAKE
LIKE A WOLF! JUDY
IS WATCHING RIGHT
BEHIND ME--SO
GO AHEAD!

NO!

W-WHY!

HIYA, ANGELFACE!
GOIN' MY
WAY?

COULD I CARRY YOUR BOOKS,
SHINE YOUR SHOES, CALL YOU
CUDDLES AND BE YOUR SITTER
WHEN YOUR FOLKS ARE OUT?

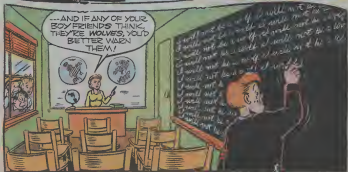
NATCH!

YOU DROVE 'IM
TO IT!

BUT WHAT'S HE
TRYING TO PROVE?
THAT'S THE NEW
SCIENCE TEACHER!!

SAY IT
ISN'T SO!
-- AN' I
PUT HIM
UP TO IT!

...AND IF ANY OF YOUR
BOY FRIENDS THINK
THEY'RE WOLVES, YOU'D
BETTER WARN
THEM!



Caught SHORT

"OH, brother!" Jackson exulted as he strode down the street. "Two big moments on one and the same day!"

He hurried towards the Men's and Boys' Suterie, that last precious dollar clenched in his fist. For eight whole months, Jackson had been plunking down a dollar a week for the snappiest checked number in town. And now, with the big school dance scheduled for that very evening, and the final payment in his pocket—Jackson was walking on air!

A new suit and the big dance—together! He entered the Suterie, waved the dollar at Mr. Tilcher and said, "Wrap 'er up! I'm takin' 'er to where she belongs!"

Clutching the bulky parcel, Jackson raced home to get all duded up for the dance. As he scrubbed under the shower, he recalled all the odd jobs he had done to earn himself that terrific suit.

First it was lawn-mowing. "Boy," he remembered, "I kin still feel that charley-horn from ol' Mrs. Gribble's mower! What a truck that was!"

As Jackson gave himself a brisk towel rubdown, he thought of the grocery deliveries he had made. "Oh, them bundles!" he moaned. "Each an' every one loaded with lead! I sure sweated out those tips!"

Diving into his underwear, poor Jackson recalled the most horrible experience of them all—baby-sitting! "Little Snookums!" he muttered scornfully, slicking his hair down in the back and rolling it up in the front. "That wasn't a baby—it wuz a monster! An' what's more, I got the scars to prove it!" Little Snookums had had some very new teeth, and he had tried them all out—on Jackson's nose! "I think I can still see the bite mark," Jackson reminisced, leaning close to the mirror.

"Oh, well, let bygones be bygones. It was worth it! Yesser! An' I'd do it all over again if I hadda—just to own this drape shape!" He looked fondly at the new suit, stretched

out on his bed. "Eight months of solid sufferin', but I did it an' I'm glad!"

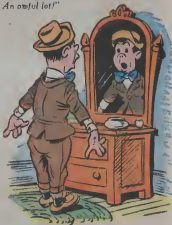
Making certain no one was around, Jackson sprayed some eau de cologne on his face. He had made himself a temporary loan of his mother's perfume atomizer.

"Now for the big moment! Suit—here I come!"

Lifting his new suit tenderly, Jackson worked himself into the trousers—then the vest—and finally, the jacket! He did not feel entirely happy, but he thought that perhaps the shock of owning the suit at last was a bit too much for him.

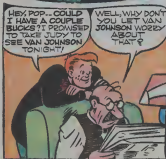
And then—and then—Jackson looked at his reflection in the mirror!

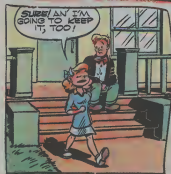
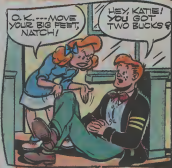
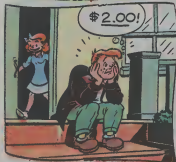
"Murder," he moaned, "it's a solid murder! Th' pants are two inches too short—an' kinda tight all over! The sleeves are crawlin' up around my elbows someplace! Why, oh, why didn't my momma done tol' me that a boy kin grow an awful lot in eight months? An awful lot!"

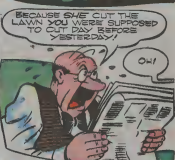
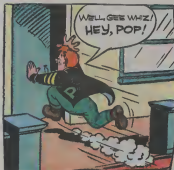


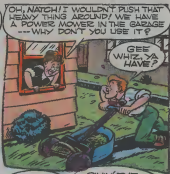
The KILROYS

in
"MONEY---THE HARD WAY"

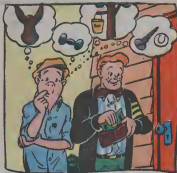


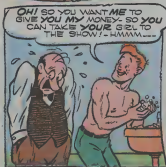
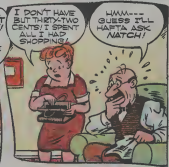
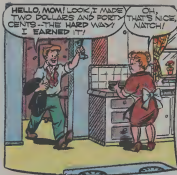












MOTHER'S LITTLE HELPER

"NOW, see here, Judy!" Her mother's voice was quite angry. "You're not going to get out of helping me this time! Every time there's some housecleaning to do, you seem to have a very important date—someplace else!"

Judy had to admit, shamefacedly, that her mother was right. "But, gee whiz, mom," she promised, "today will be entirely different! Today, I'll help you every bit I can, honestly!"

Wrapping herself in a huge apron, Judy caught up a fistful of dust cloths and some furniture polish. "I'll start in the living room, mother," she called.

As she started to dust the magazine rack, Judy noticed a copy of her favorite comics book peeking out from among the other magazines. "Wow!" she exclaimed. "It's the new COOKIE—this, I gotta read!" By the time Judy had finished the last story (which she read three times), she was astonished to see that her mother had finished doing the living room.

"Sorry, mom," she apologized, "I was swept away! But don't worry about the up-

stairs, will you? I'll start on your bedroom right now!"

Up in the bedroom, Judy noticed a fascinating new fact—her mother had bought some new hats! "Here goes for a fashion show," she said, brushing her hair smooth. "Bet this one with the roses will be positively too-too!"

Somehow, while Judy was trying on the new hats, and practicing new hair-do's to go with them, her mother seemed to have gotten through most of the upstairs rooms.

"There's still the kitchen, mother," she called cheerily. "I can do that in no time flat! Just watch me—I does everything!"

Armed with a can of cleanser and a large cloth, Judy set out to polish up the kitchen—but there again, she found that something new had definitely been added. "Yummm," she murmured, lifting the lid of the cookie jar. "Fresh ginger snaps! What I couldn't do with a little refreshment!"

She poured a tall glass of milk and went to work on the cookie jar. It seemed only a few minutes later when Judy looked up to see her mother mopping the floor. "Oh, mom," she said reproachfully. "You shouldn't!"

Judy started to take the mop from her mother's hands, when the phone rang out in the front hall. "Don't bother, mother, I'll get it," she said, running towards the phone.

"Hello?" she said, lifting the receiver. "Uh-huh, it's me. My goodness, you don't say so! Really? She did? And what did he say? Really? He did?"

A half-hour later, the phone call was over. Judy collapsed weakly into an armchair in the living room and remarked to her mother, "Honestly, mom, the house is spotless, but I'm exhausted! I never realized housework could be so tough!"

Judy's mom smiled.



Natchⁱⁿ "WARRIORS BOWLED"

HALL OF FAME

MIKE WOJECZAWICZ
ROSE BOWL CHAMPION!
RAN 155 YARDS
TO A TOUCHDOWN!

NATCH KILROY
BOWLING BOWL
CHAMPION
---THE HARD WAY!

JACKSON
SUGAR BOWL
CHAMPION
... BUT SWEET!

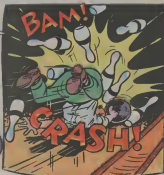
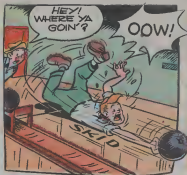
WATCH
THIS, JACKSON!
HERE GOES A
STRIKE!

PLEASE
OBSERVE
ROWL
LINE!

HEY, NATCH!
WOULD ONE OF THOSE
OLD TIME SHIPS WITH ALL
THE OARS STICKIN' OUT
THE SIDES BE CALLED
A BOWLING-GALLEY?

QUIET!
A CHAMPION
IS AT WORK!





IF YA DON'T GET THAT
THING OFF PURTY SOON ONE
ARM WILL BE ABOUT A
MILE LONGER THAN TH' OTHER
WHEN THEY'LL CALL YA
HALF MAN AN' HALF
BABOON!

GOSH! WE
BETTER GO TO
A DOCTOR OR
SUMP'N!



HEY! WHERE DO
YOU GUYS TINK
YER GOIN' WIT' DAT
BOWLIN' BALL?

MY FINGER'S
STUCK
IN IT!

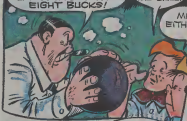
BOWLING



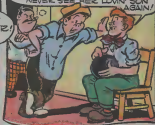
I DON'T CARE IF YER FODDERS
MOUSTACHE IS CAUGHT IN
DA BALL-- YER NOT TAKIN'
IT OFF DA PREMASUS
UNLESS YA BUY IT!
EIGHT BUCKS!

GOLLY,
I HAVEN'T
THE MONEY
TA PAY' FOR
THE BALL!

ME
EITHER!



I'LL TELL YA WOT! YOU GO OVER
TO MY HOUSE AN' ASK MY MOTHER FOR
THE MONEY! TELL HER I GOT MY FINGER
CAUGHT IN THE BALL AND WE
HARTA BUY IT-- OR ELSE SHE'LL
NEVER SEE HER LOVIN' SON AGAIN!

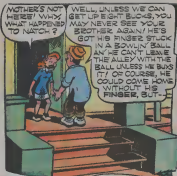


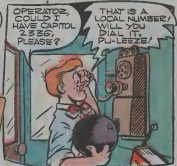
OPEN THE
DOOR, R---
NO, I WON'T
SAY IT!



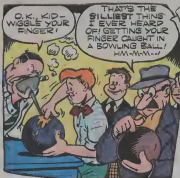
OH,
HELLO,
JACKSON!

HIYA, KATIE!
IS YER MOTHER HOME?
NATCH SURE PUT HIS
FINGER IN IT THIS
TIME!









THAT'S THE
SILLIEST THING
I EVER HEARD
OF! GETTING YOUR
FINGER CAUGHT IN
A BOWLING BALL!
HMM-MMM...



WHILE AT
HOME...

I PICKED UP THESE
TWO KIDS WALKIN' DOWN
THE STREET! THE LITTLE
GIRL SAYS THE SUGAR
BOWL IS HERE!

YES
OFFICER, THIS
IS MY DAUGHTER!
EVERYTHING IS ALL
RIGHT NOW--
THANK YOU!

MY HAND IS
STUCK IN IT,
MRS. KILROY!

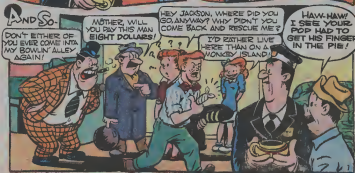


IF YOU'D
LET GO OF THE
MONEY, YOUR
HAND WOULD
COME OUT OF
THE BOWL!



IF I ONLY KNEW
WHERE YOUR FATHER
WAS! MAYBE WE'D
BETTER GO DOWN
TO THE BOWLING
ALLEY...

HELLO,
HAND!



AND SO--

DON'T EITHER OF
YOU EVER COME INTO
MY BOWLIN' ALLEY
AGAIN!

MOTHER, WILL
YOU PAY THIS MAN
EIGHT DOLLARS!

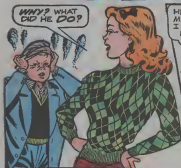
HEY JACKSON, WHERE DID YOU
GO, ANYWAY? WHY DIDN'T YOU
COME BACK AND RESCUE ME?

I'D RATHER LIVE
HERE THAN ON A
MONKEY ISLAND!

HA-HA-HA!
I SEE YOUR
POP HAD TO
GET HIS FINGER
IN THE PIE!

ICKEY IKE

By
Al Harvey





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A
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Projector

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